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LAMMAS' FLOODS—FLINN'S ROCK.

A TRUE STORY.

Who, that has travelled the Dublin and Derry road, but must remember the picturesque little town of Newtownstewart, just twenty miles from Derry, with Bessy Bell* hanging over it, in majestic grandeur, on the one side, and the pellucid stream of Mourne rolling rapidly along on the other side, threatening, in its circling course, to sap the foundation, not merely of the town, but of Bessy Bell herself. A little above the town are the beautiful vale and glebe house of Moyle, embosomed in the sombre shade of MARY GRAY,† and almost surrounded by the rivers Monterlony and Strool, which, uniting—

“Gie n huzzaw,

Wi' joy that they run through the bonny Ardstraw.”

The united river is thence called the Mourne; and if the traveller, by coach or car, can prevail on the driver to slacken pace, about three quarters of a mile below the town, where the river, running pretty close to the road, forces its rapid way through a rocky channel, in a deep ravine of about two hundred yards over, and cast his eye right towards the centre of the river, rather up the stream from the principal ledge of rocks, there he will perceive a single stone, having nearly a cubical form, and which, on account of its size and peculiar shape, was formerly known by the sobriquet of the Giant's Fingerstone, but latterly, from the circumstance which I am going to relate, it has been called Flinn's Rock.

To persons living in the neighbourhood of mountains, the effects of Lammas' Floods are very well known. At that season the rains often come on suddenly, and the mountains, coming in for a large share, and having their surfaces encrusted, as it were, by the summer's drought, frequently send the floods down the glens with such precipitation, and in such vast quantities, that the river bed, which, but a few minutes before, was little more than an empty channel, will present, to your view, a roaring torrent, filled from bank to bank; and, very often, to the no small detriment of the farmer, bursting its boundaries—forcing its irresistible course over meadows—corn and potato fields—and bearing along, on its foaming surface, the produce of the holmes.

It was, I think, in the August of 1812, that Charley Flinn, a wheelwright, residing in the town of Newtownstewart, and the subject of my story, was exposed to one of the most singular adventures that the history of Lammas' Floods contains. Flinn had been felling trees in a wood, some distance above the town, and seeing a *fresh* in the river, on this day, he availed himself of it to float his timber down to his own yard, which was convenient to the strand. He had just hauled out a portion, about fifty yards above the bridge, and was in the act of landing a very large tree, when the water, of a sudden, began to extend around him and his assistants; and it was evident, from the dark and gloomy appearance of the atmosphere, in the direction of the river's source, that there was heavy rain in that part. The flow of waters increased, until the spot where they a few minutes before stood, was occupied by a fast increasing torrent. In the mean time the tree, notwithstanding the efforts of a number of men, was floating down the stream, and Flinn, in order, as he thought, to manage it better, threw himself astride over it. The river was still rising very fast—so much so, that poor Flinn had scarcely got himself balanced on the tree, when the men were no longer able to hold it, and away it floated, into the middle of the stream, bearing Charley along with it, in the least enviable situation imaginable.

The alarm spreading over the town, men, women, and children, were running in every direction. Many plans were mentioned for rescuing Charley, but the only one considered practicable was to procure coils of ropes—which being done, the bridge afforded a convenience for

extending the rope from side to side, over the river; the rope was then borne along, as quickly as possible, after Flinn, who, not being a swimmer, still kept fast to the tree, sometimes carried to one side of the river, sometimes to the other, according to the course of the stream. The tree was now approaching the rocks before mentioned, and the humane persons, who were hurrying to Charley's relief, were yet far behind. Many and loud were the cries of the spectators as Flinn drew near the rocks, through which it was impossible for him to pass without being dashed to pieces. He was just entering on the scene of horror, and seemed launching into eternity, when the end of the tree struck into a cleft in the Giant's Fingerstone, and stood as fast as if moored by anchors. Now was the time for Charley to attempt escaping from his perilous seat. He crawled along the tree, and, clambering up the side of the rock, got himself safe on the top of it. The men bearing the rope were hastening to his relief as quickly as circumstances would permit, but they had still a considerable way to come, and the flood was increasing so rapidly, that there was every appearance of the rock, on which Flinn stood, being covered before the rope reached him. The shores, by this time, were crowded with people—some projecting schemes, some shouting to the men coming down the river, and a great many offering prayers to heaven for that deliverance to Flinn which no exertion of theirs could effect. At this time Flinn, himself, was on his knees, imploring the assistance of the Most High; and it was evident, from the signs he made to the people on the shore, that he was recommending himself to their prayers—for, from the roaring of the flood, as its waters bounded from rock to rock, not a word could be heard, even by those who would speak to each other on shore. The water was now dashing up against his feet, and the next roll was expected to carry him off, when the men succeeded in reaching him with the rope; signs were made to him how he should act, but he could not understand them. The prospect of deliverance brightened upon him; besides, the current was now tumbling over the rock, and he could keep his place no longer; he gave the rope a turn round his body, and consigned himself to the mercy of the boiling surge. The river here was about one hundred yards over, and the rock, upon which Flinn had stood, was considerably towards the eastern shore; but that side being much rougher than the western, he chose the latter, although the distance was much greater. The men on that side kept pulling the rope, but no trace of Charley could be observed from the time he left the rock, and it was thought he had struck against the bottom, and had lost his hold; however, at length he rose to the surface, within about three yards of the shore, but just when his friends were hurrying to take hold of him, and the open arms of his shrieking wife were extended to embrace him—as if fate had decreed that Charley Flinn should be drowned—the rope broke, and he was once more sunk in the raging element. This was the moment for acting, not thinking; as soon as the rope gave way, two men leaped into the flood—one missed, the other succeeded in taking hold of some part of Flinn's clothes, and, by the hold, drew him ashore, but apparently lifeless. Every means which could be applied on the instant were had recourse to, and, in a little time, he began to exhibit signs of life; his strength gradually increased, and, in a few hours, he was so far recovered as to be able to walk home.

E. M.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

In the year 1832 there emigrated to America, through Canada, from Great Britain and Ireland, 51,185 persons. Of these 28,204 were Irish; a number considerably less than their amount in the former year, in which there arrived 34,138 from Ireland. The prevalence of the cholera was, perhaps, the chief cause of the decrease. Many of those who sailed in 1832 were persons of a higher class than the generality of emigrants; several of them gentlemen who were in possession of some capital, with which they thought it safer and more profitable to

* A mountain, at the bottom of which Newtownstewart is situated.

† A mountain, separated from Bessy Bell by the river Strool.

purchase land in Canada, than to vest it in speculations in Europe, or whose pride prevented them from engaging at home in occupations to which they had no objection at a distance from the observation of the world. It is hardly possible to stop the tide of emigration—to attempt to check it would be useless. But we will say, none can succeed except those who are not only industrious, but resolutely determined to get on;—none should emigrate but those who find they can do nothing here;—in fact, emigration should be looked on as the last resource of the industrious. If the emigrant be such, his condition is generally improved; but he will have to struggle with difficulties for a few years, before he can attain to that independence which he seeks.

Of the 51,185 only 3,346 passed on to the United States, and by far the greater portion of the remainder located themselves in the province of Upper Canada, to which all writers give the preference. Many citizens of the States, leaving their own less fruitful soil, annually cross the lakes to this rich and fertile territory. The climate does not differ much from our own—it is less damp, though the winter is of much longer continuance, and more severe; while the lower province and the States are subject to the extremes of heat and cold. In the latter, particularly, the changes from one to the other are exceedingly sudden, and very trying to an European constitution. The temperature of New York was thus described by an Irish gentleman, who had experienced its effects:—he one night shivered under two pair of blankets, and the next, the heat compelled him to throw off all the bed-clothes, excepting a sheet. Indeed, every circumstance is in favour of Upper Canada; however, all who are determined on emigration, should be well acquainted with the state and respective advantages of the various parts of the country to which they are going. For this purpose the poorer emigrant will find Martin Doyle's little work, or Evans' Directory, best adapted. In addition to these, a gentleman should not neglect to provide himself with the "Authentic Letters from Upper Canada." From this latter work we give the following extract, descriptive of the feelings (and also of their antidote) of the emigrant in a foreign land, when he thinks on the home of his fathers; and his bosom fills with regret for his native country, which few can leave for ever without emotion:

"I have now told you (writes one of the authors of the "Letters") many of the favorable circumstances of the country, which are decidedly very great; still, however, an *Irish* day of recollection, sinking the spirits down, will occur—and sometimes, notwithstanding the outrages and the murders, the politics and the poverty, of that unhappy country, I would give all I am worth to be walking beside you, shooting the Enfield Bottoms, as in those happy days we have spent together; again, these feelings banish, when I look at my rich land, unencumbered by rent or taxes, and ask myself, if I were back again, how could I command such certain independence."

C. H.

ON THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The migration of birds has been justly considered as one of the most wonderful instincts of nature. It is common to the quail, the stork, the crane, the fieldfare, the woodcock, the nightingale, the cuckoo, the martin, the swallow, and various others, and is, indeed, a very curious article in natural history, and furnishes a very striking instance of a powerful instinct impressed by the Creator. These birds of passage are all peculiarly accommodated, by the structure of their parts, for long flights; and it is remarked, that, in their migrations, they observe a wonderful order and polity—they fly in troops, and steer their course, without the aid of the compass, to vast and unknown regions. The flight of the wild-geese, in a wedge-like figure, has often been observed; to which it is added, by the natural historian of Norway, that the three foremost, who are soonest tired, retreat behind, and are relieved by others, who are again succeeded by the rest in order. But this circumstance had been observed many ages before by Pliny, who describes certain birds

of passage, flying in the form of a wedge, and spreading wider and wider; those behind resting upon those before, till the leaders being tired, are, in their turn, received into the rear. "Wild ducks and cranes," says the Abbe de la Pluche, "fly, at the approach of winter, in quest of more favourable climates. They all assemble, at a certain day, like swallows and quails. They decamp at the same time, and it is very agreeable to observe their flight. They generally range themselves in a long column like an I, or in two lines united in a point like a V reversed." And thus, as Milton says,

— ranged in a figure wedge the way.

"The duck or quail, that forms the point," adds the Abbe, "cuts the air, and facilitates a passage to those that follow: but he is charged with this commission only for a certain time, at the conclusion of which he wheels into the rear, and another takes his post." And thus again, as Milton observes,

— with mutual wing
Easing their flight.

It has been observed of the storks, that for about the space of a fortnight before they pass from one country to another, they constantly resort together, from all the circumjacent parts, to a certain plain, and there, forming themselves once every day into a *dou-wanne*,—(according to the phrase of the people) are said to determine the exact time of their departure, and the places of their future abode.

Where the Rhine loses its majestic force,
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork assembly meets: for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route designed, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheeled round and round, in congregation full,
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billow, mixes with the clouds.

THOMSON.

EVIL EFFECTS OF LOVE.

A greater number of young girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and of young men between eighteen and twenty-four, fall victims to what they call *love*, than to any other particular class of disease; and more particularly in England and Ireland than in any other country upon earth. This is from the force of early impressions peculiar to these countries, and of comparatively recent growth, the effect produced by a certain class of romance writers. These writers give an obliquity to the young mind which leads to destruction. Scarcely has a young girl laid down her "*Reading made Easy*," than she becomes a subscriber to some trashy library; and the hours which, in the country, or in a land where education is unknown, they would employ in jumping about in the open air, are now consumed with intensity of thought upon the maudlin miseries of some hapless heroine of romance, the abortion of a diseased brain. Her "*imitativeness*," as Spurzheim would phrenologically observe, becomes developed, and she fixes on her favourite heroine, whom she apes in every thing—sighing for her sorrow, and moaning to be as miserable. She fixes immediately upon some figure of a man—some Edwin, or Edgar, or Ethelbert—which she thinks will harmonize with the horrors of the picture, and she then employs her tears and her tortures to her heart's satisfaction. Langour, inaction, late hours, late rising, and incessant sighing, derange her digestion—the cause continues, the effects increase, and hectic fever puts an end to the romance. We have known a young Irish lady who read herself into this situation. She was, at the age of thirteen, as lively, as healthy, and as beautiful a little promise of womanhood as the country ever produced. When the Leadenhall-street troop of romancers crossed her way, an officer of a very different sort of troop became her hero. She would "sit in her bower" (the second floor window